

THE
Temple of Fame.

A

POEM.

Inscrib'd to Mr. CONGREVE.

*Per Graium populos Mediæq; per Elidis urbem,
Ibat ovans Divumq; sibi poscebat Honores.*



L O N D O N .

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THE
TEMPLE of FAME,
INSCRIB'D TO
Mr. CONGREVE.

TILL now of late, we thought the loud Report
Of Namur, Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt,
Too big for Truth, or Truth at best disguis'd,
In Lofty Strains, which Poets first devis'd
To flatter Kings, with painted Conquests won,
As Persians still adore the rising Sun :
We thought the Nation, curst with civil Foes.
Had Scorn'd the use of Worth, as well as Bowes :
But see——a Brighter Scene attracts our Eyes
To greater deeds, where greater wonders rise ;
Virtue Advanc'd, and Impotence despis'd,
Ormond caress'd, and M——gue chaftis d,
Old Saxon Virtue establish't into Law,
By fair Examples as the World e'er saw.

And now, O Congreve, wil't thou slight thy Pen,
To sing the Arms of the Victorious Men ?

Not thy own William's was a Nobler Name,
Or more renown'd in Poetry and Fame :
Eugene's Cremona may with *Namur* joyn,
And *Vigo* be an equal to the *Boyn* :
Th' Illustrious *Ann* her Poets will regard,
And *Ormond* well as *Montague* reward.
Fame, which a wand'rer was in *Homer's* days,
Treated like him with Poverty and Praise ;
Living as yet, at large, from place to place,
With Demi-Heroes, and a mingled Race,
Resolv'd of late, to fix a standing Shrine,
And like the other Gods in Temples Shine ;
Since like the other Gods she sprung from race Divine.
Where she might answer Vows, and Virtue Crown,
Display her Conquests, and reward Renown ;
Where darling Chiefs a lasting Praise might have,
Who Merit Triumph o'er th' impartial Grave ;
Where worth in Native Glory may be shown,
And future Heroes learn to raise their own.

For this intent, she took her speedy Flight,
Thro' all the various Climes of circling Light,
To find a Place, where she might well be Seen,
To rule a People worthy such a Queen.
O'er Sunny Hills, and Flow'r'y Vales she pass'd,
Around the World her hundred Eyes she cast,
Till *Albion's* Glitt'ring cliffs obtain'd her view at last,
The Goddess paus'd—Transported with Surprise,
And look'd again, and fed her Ravish't Eyes :
Her Face all o'er a Blooming joy display'd,
Mild as the Blushes of a yielding Maid ;

One Glance from this fair Scene her grief beguil'd ;
A Scene, which like an Infant Nature smil'd :
No Sun it needed, where a Goddess shone,
Reflecting Brighter Lustre of her own.
She saw how Albion's Tow'rs assault the Skies,
At once to threaten and invite the Eyes ;
Albion ! which has the greatest Tyrants aw'd,
Gen'rous at home, and Terrible abroad ;
Albion ! Like youthful Nature's Eden plac'd,
With every good, and every Pleasure Grac'd,
Averse to Ease, invincibly by toil,
Thus Heav'n alone excels the Holy Isle.

She saw with joy the Warlike Troops disdain,
The painted threatnings of the Boy of Spain ;
And how they shook their Native Fasces of the Main,
While Lewis, like a Canvas-Jove may stand,
With harmless Thunder in his lifted hand :
With us no gawdy pomp, or Persian Train,
Make tedious Fights and Victories in vain ;
Our Navys scorns those vile, infectious Fears,
But War, all-horrid, like itself appears.

She saw how swift they flew to meet their Foes,
How Bloody Crosses on their Streamers rose ;
The Warlike Chiefs in distant order move,
A Train of Gods behind a leading Jove :
Like Swans in long array their Vessels ride,
While parting Seas before their Breasts divide :
The friendly Winds inspire Etesian Gales,
And fanning Zephirs swell the Peaceful Sails :

To

To stop their Course no angry Billows rear,
 But all lye Lull'd and Panting on the Shore.
 Her Generous mind the fair Ideas drew,
 Of future greatness, present to her View,
 And all the shining Paths her Heroes should pursue.

She heard the Thund'ring Cannon rend the Air,
 To give a dreadful prelude to the War.
 She heard the Admir'l first denounce their Doom
 In rattling fleet, when they had cut the Boom:
 A Cloud of Fire obscures the Hostile Shore,
 And waken'd tydes in dreary Murmurs Rear:
 The valiant shot Rous'd every *English* Heart,
 Still ready to defend an injur'd Part.
 And Meditate the Foe, they were to meet,
 The Martial Leader of the Spanish Fleet;
 But all in vain, for all had shun'd the Fight,
 As Flocks of *Larks* retreat before a *Kite*;
 Never did Men more joyfully obey,
 Or sooner learnt the sign to run away:
 Let foreign Monuments the story tell,
 How many by our *English* Valour fell,
 But from our own, 'tis vanity to know,
 Whose Arms are tainted by so base a Foe.
 Whole Squadrons by experienc'd Captains led,
 Basely before a single handful Fled:
 Almighty Gold was Impotent to stay
 The best of Armies, bent to run away;
 Almighty Gold was feeble to prevail,
 When every Soldiers Heart began to fail:

So huge Leviathans attēhd their prey,
 Which thro' their spacious jaws mistakes the way.
 But when a War is in defence of Right,
 The justice of the cause inspires to Fight ;
 The Villain flys, o'ercome by Land and Seas,
 And gives up Fraud to be chāftis'd with ease.

Homewards again the Conqu'ring Navy tides,
 And Boundleis Wealth, without our care, provides ;
 Waylays their trade, their Floating Ore besets,
 Thus willing Prizes crow'd into our Nets.
 All this she saw Beneath her glad Survey,
 Where Wealth on heaps from *Indian* Quarries lay,
 Rescu'd from the rapacious Birds of prey.
 Nor needed to resolve upon her care,
 But rising up Incumbent on the Air,
 She strait declar'd her Temple should be there.

She spake——and strait a spacious Dome appear'd,
 A Golden Roof and Brazen Pillars rear'd ;
 For Brass can best the hollow sounds diffuse,
 And Multiply the Ecchoes of the News :
 The Walls are hid with manyahopeful Lye,
 Which gain'd it's credit by Credulity ;
 Gilded with Truth ; the Floor is pav'd with Eyes ;
 Nerves, Sinews, broken Bones, and Arteries ;
 The Court with one Eternal uptoar Bawls,
 With Scandals rushing thro' the Cranny'd walls :
 A hideous din, as when the Billows Roar,
 And Proudly quarrel with th' insulting Shore ;

A broken Tumult, deaf, confus'd and Loud ;
Like Thunder rumbling in a distant Cloud.
Some Portraiture there were, as wild Despair,
Beating her Breasts, and tearing all her hair:
Beneath her joyous Hope supinely lay,
Pampr'ing up Sloth, and batt'ning Life away :
True Virtue next, (whom no report could move)
With Fancy, Rumor, Calumny and Love,
Fool hardiness, Deceit, and False surmize,
Gaping with open-mouths to Ecchoe Lyes ;
Damn'd Infidelity, and Secret hate,
With morty Doubt, and Impotent debate.
Oppos'd to these were Fields of Battle Spread,
All Tinctur'd with the Fat of Slaughter Red,
Triumphant Conquest lightens all the place,
And sparkling Gladness shines in every Face ;
Stretcht on the ground a suppliant Captive lies,
Suing the Victor with beseeching Eyes ;
The Victor's Sword stands hovering o'er his head,
And now but Pauses, e'er it strikes him dead.
One like a Parthian flyes th' unequal Chace,
And flying wounds, and dies upon the Place:
No verdant Landscape cheers the Famish'd sight,
But Groves of Spears, a Famine, or a Fight ;
Cities dispeopled, and the Pastures bare,
With Plunder, Rapine, and the waste of War :
Ships burnt in Fight, or split upon the Shore,
Sucking in Waves, disburthen'd of their Ore :
A Liquid Field, o'er which a Tow'r is Plac'd,
By many slighted and by few Possess'd ;

Or

(9)
Or smoaking Cannons whizzing o'er the Plain,
To scorch the Ground with Show'rs of Fiery Rain.
These and a Thousand more were there to see,
Before the things themselves began to be;
All Copy'd from th' Eternal book of Fate,
T' adorn the Sacred Fane, as Beautiful as Great.

The Goddess self on a fair Mountain stood,
Beyond the verdure of a Beauteous Wood;
Of Cedars, Cypress, Mirtles, Beeches, Oaks,
With Country Elm and Ash, for Ploughs and Yoaks;
The Sacred Laurel, and the weeping Mirr^bh,
The Lover's Willow, and the fragrant Fir,
The Thirsty Woodreve, and the fruitful Pine,
The Loft^ry Poplar, and the curling Vine,
The Trembling Asp, whose waving Branches bow,
O'er Prickly Shrubs which humbly creep below:
The cursed Elder, and the fatal Yew,
Affrighted hence at awful distance Grew,
Whose Blighted tops with sickly Mildews stood,
And Proudly over-look'd the Neigh'b'ring Wood:
No boding Ravens Harbour here their Nests,
Or Serpents, Toads, or any croaking Beasts;
But the whole Prospect wears Eternal Green,
Shades on each side and a Square Mead between.
High o'er the Wood the Goddess rears her size,
And hides her Tow'ring forehead in the Skies:
Two Golden wings are on her Shoulders Plac'd,
To raise her Vigour and enlarge her hast:
Her better hand a Silver Trumpet bore,
To waft Report to every distant Shore;

A Scarf of Mouths across her Arms are hung,
 And every Mouth is babling with a Tongue:
 A Plate of yawning Ears conceals her Breast,
 And a thin Vail but scarcely hides the rest.
 No Peaceful Slumbers seal her wakeful Eyes,
 But here and there with every blast the Flies.
 Her other hand is seen a Book to hold,
 With Acts of Godlike Chivalry enroll'd;
 Eternal Youth sits Blooming in her Face,
 Tho' she's first-Born of all the Heav'nly Race;
 For bright Example had been sure to ly,
 Lost in the ruines of Antiquity;
 Had she not as the great Forerunner came,
 And both preserv'd, and Eterniz'd its Name.
 It so befel, as strange things will befall,
 A Warlike (*) Knight arriv'd at this fair Hall,
 To whom a hundred Gallant Squires resort,
 To fill his State, and make a moving Court;
 Soon as they ever touch the Sacred ground,
 A Trumpet, loud as Fame, was heard around
 The Heroe Ravish'd with a strange delight,
 At such a noble sound, and pleasing sight;
 Kneel'd to the Shrine to make his just address
 Of thankful Praises for his late success:
 Soon as he Kneel'd, the Lyes began to fall
 Off from the sacred Cieling of the Wall;
 With winged hast t' a neighb'ring Lake they flew,
 Where whistling Reeds, and bending Osiers grew:

(*) Sir G. Root.

The

(11)
The Crowd, with Laurel wreaths their Heroe Crown,
Sovereign of War, Immortal in renown :
The op'ning Winds from every quarter blow,
That every quarter of the World may know,
Th' extent of Virtue when upheld by Pow'r,
Which Envy cannot blast, or Time devour.
Whose glad Rememb'rance shall remain as long,
As Nature has an Ear, or Fame a Tongue.

The Goddess too bent down her beamy head,
And wide before his Eyes her Book display'd ;
Where all the worthys of the British line
Rank'd by themselves with brighter Lustre shine,
All of a make throughout, all-Glorious and Divine.
A Giant Race rul'd Albion's younger Years,
Whose Names are now forgotten with their Wam :
Dardanian Brute came next, whose ample Shield,
Bore a red Lion on a Golden Field ;
Whose Conqu'ring Arms (as all things will decay)
Resign'd their Glories to the Roman sway ;
Since nothing is of Pow'r enough to move,
Against a Cæsar and a (*) Queen of Love :
Albion from him soon felt a new Divorce,
Forc't by stern *Hengist* to the (†) Saxon Horse ;
But won again by more Victorious deeds,
She yielded to his Race which now succeeds.
Here *Artbur* Shines, the Briton's Ancient Song,
Dragging a Pond'rous Iron Lance along ;

(*) For Julius Cæsar more probably bore a Venus in his Ensign, than
an Eagle, as some very judicious have affir'd me, when he Conquer'd
England. (†) A Stable-Horse being the Coat of Hengist.

Two days at *Ba'don* he the Fight withstood;
 Weary'd with Slaying, and Immerst in Blood;
 Stought *Gillamore* to *Ireland* purſ'd,
 First block'd him up and afterwards subdued:
 Hence to th' *Armorick Coasts* his Arms advance;
 As *England* ever was a fate to *France*;
 At *Paris* he Gigantick *Ryton* Fought,
 And home his Armout as a Trophy brought.

There's *Scottish Malcolm* with his *English* Bride;
 And here her Warlike Grandſire *Iron-side*;
 There Portraitur'd in Golden lines is set,
 The Beauteous Race of brave *Plantagenet*;
 Here Valliant *Tudor* from the North arrives,
 In whom *Lluellin's* Lineage doubly thrives;
 There nobler *Stuart* the succession gains,
 And *Scottish James* with *Danish Anna* reigns;
 In whose bleſt line th' Inteſtine jars Unite,
 Of the two Kingdoms in one commoti Right:
 Next came th' unhappy of the latter Age,
 And then the Goddess turn'd another Page;
 Justly concern'd to see those Gloomy days,
 And would not mention, whom she could not Praise:
 But as the Heroe spy'd young *Glos'ter's* Name,
 The faireſt which e'er grac'd the roll of Fame;
 His gen'rous Breast was wreck'd with ſtrange Surprize,
 And Streams of Tears fell trickling from his Eyes.

“ O Tunbridge! happy was thy Flow'ry Plain,
 “ Where young *Iulus* Martiall'd out his Train.

Methinks

" Methinks I see (be sig'd) his Camp arise,
" With the mock Streamers waving in the Skies ;
" While the young *Ammon* Mounts his foaming Horse,
" With conduct, far Superior to his Force ;
" The Horse as conscious of his Royal Guide,
" Stands Patient by his *Alexander's* side,
" Forgets to paw the Ground, and Checks his haughty Pride.
" And now, I see him push to foil the Foe,
" And deal his stroaks in Military Show ;
" Again the little Heroe seems to yield,
" To rally up again, and to retake the Field ;
" Fantastick Ramparts here his Troops had rear'd,
" And there with harmless hast a Passage bar'd :
" The mock Machines were mov'd so justly well,
" The *French* were routed, and their *Lewis* fell ;
" How Fierce he rais'd his Arm, and Scowr'd the Plain,
" T' appease the Ghosts of the dissembled Slain ?
" How pleas'd he was, when once he chanc'd to bear,
" A Pastbord Trophy of the mimick War.
" These things alas ! but too too plainly shew,
" What the Establisht Man design'd to do ;
" Fighting his sport, a Bloody Sword his toy,
" He acted Man ev'n while he Play'd a Boy,
More he had said, but sighs his Bosom tore,
And choak'd his voice, that he could speak no more;
Beneath all these a Race of Heroes shone,
Who never climb'd but yet deserv'd a Throne ;
Effex the first, and *Rawleigh* next were seen,
Two hapless Fav'rites of a vengeful *Queen* ;
Whose cruel Fates by sad experience prove,
No Mean betwixt a woman's hate and Love.

Russell

Russell and Jersey next in Gold appear;
Once our supports, and Thunderbolts of War.

Eugene was next, that Meritorious Name,
Ador'd as *Titus*, and as dear to Fame;
Ask *Villeroy*, for he the best can tell,
What mighty Numbers at *Cremona* fell,
When he himself, was by himself betray'd,
And fell into a Snare his hapless craft had made:
With him's *Commerci*, suddain in his end,
Wearing the double Name, of Warriour and ^{of} Friend;
Both in the same bright track of Glory mov'd,
And like *Achilles* and *Patroclus* Lov'd.

Ormond came After, Loyal all along,
(Whose Name shall ever grace Heroick Song;)
For if an Ormond once should fear to Fight,
What Poet would be bold enough to Write?
Ormond, who never Condescends to yield,
But for the Triumph of another Field;
His mighty action o'er the Spanish-Fleet,
Shall live as long as Men or verse have feet;
Shannon was next, who Ventur'd to unfold,
The dazzling Beauties of bewitching Gold;
Him she attempted first with all her Charms,
But still he shook her from his generous Arms;
His Conqu'ring hand as Bountiful as brave,
The Glitt'ring Plunder to his Soldiers gave;
As fit that what their dauntless Courage won,
Should only be their Country's, or their own.

Hopson

Hopson and Hawdien that never excel,
None ever Fought so much, and fought so well;
But never *Annals* can presume to shew,
Another Ormond or a Marlborough.

Forgive my boldness, if your worth to raise,
I make you but Competitors for Bays,
Competitors are foils to one another's Praise,
Thus two stout Lions on the wilds of *Thrace*,
Eager for Food, the Herds and Herdsman Chace;

The Royal Beasts bellow their loud disdain,
Unknowing how to fear, and Spurn the Plain;
If any Herdsman dares to meet their Course,
They lash their tails to rouse their tardy Force:
They poize their paws, and Swiftly whirl around,
And tear th' Audacious Rustick to the ground:
So when the Guard is once remov'd away,
The trembling Herd becomes an easy Prey.

Others there were of Valour, and Command,
Reserv'd by Fame for some more Skilful hand;
Whose Actions shall the coming Age adorn,
And all Fought well, for all were English Born.

All these to *Rook* were as Examples Shown,
To be Admir'd, Prais'd, Copy'd, and outdone;
When his own Name th' Illustrious Heroe rea'd,
A Virgin Blush his honest Face o'erspread;
No more he could the mighty Search Pursue,
But clos'd the Sacred Page, and Modestly withdrew.

F I N I S.

in Black-Fyars, near the Water-side; where several
more may be had that are not here Inserted.

A Congratulatory Poem on
Prince George of Denmark,
&c. on the Success at Sea.
Marlborough Still Conquers.
The Flight of the Pretender.
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.
Wine, a Poem, &c.
Cyder, with the Splendid Shilling.
The Pleasures of a Single Life, &c.
Faction Display'd.
Moderation Display'd.
The Duel of the Stags. &c.
Coopers-Hill, by Sir J. Denham.
*An Essay on Poetry, by the Earl of
Murlgrave.*
Absalom and Achitophel.
The Plague of Athens.
A Satyr against Man and Woman.
The Forgiving Husband.
Instructions to Vanderbank.
The Temple of Death.
*An Essay on Translated Verse, by
the Earl of Roscommon.*
Horace: Or the Art of Poetry.
The History of Insipids.
The Swan-Trip-Club. 4 OC 58
Lucretius on Death, &c.
The Medal against Sedition.
Bellizarus a great Commander.
Daphnis, or a Pastoral Elegy, &c.
*A Poem on the Countess of Abing-
don.*
Nondinæ Sturbrigences.
Tunbrigalia.
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.
Hoglandia Descriprio.
Milton's Sublimity on Cyder.
*Bosworth-field, by Sir John Beau-
mount, Bar.*
Canary Birde Naturaliz'd.
Art of Poetry, by Boileau.

Poems on the Death of the late
Queen Mary.
Baucis and Philemon, &c.
*Circus, a Satyr: Or the Ring in
Hide Park.*
St. James's Park, a Satyr.
The Spleen, a Pindarique Ode, &c.
Philipps's Pastorals.
*A Letter from Italy, to my Lord
Halifax, with other Poems.*
Blenheim, a Poem, by Phillips.
Mac Flecknoe, by J. Dryden; &c.
The Female Reign, an Ode,
A Poem on the Taking St. Mary's
Windsor Castle, a Poem,
The Servitor, a Poem.
The Campaign, by Mr. Addison.
The Counter-Suffle, a Poem.
Don Francisco Sutorioso.
Consolation to Mira mourning,
A Panegyrick on Oliver Cromwel
with three Poems on his Death.
*A Poem in Defence of the Chur-
of England.*
The Apparition, a Poem.
*The Hind and Panther Trans-
to the Story of the Cou-
Mouse and City Mouse.*
Dr. Gath's Dispensary.
*Memoirs on John Hall, the Famous
Robber, &c.*
*Mr Shaftoe's Narrative giving an
Account of the Birth of the Pre-
tended Prince of Wales, &c.*
The True-Born Englishman.
The Husband, a Poem.
The Commoner, a Poem.
A Hymn to the Pillory.
The Rambling Fudle-Caps.
D'Foe, on the Storm.
The Yorkshire-Racers,
The Long Vacation.

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